

BARNWELL.

To whom, of what, or how shall I complain?
I'll not accuse her. The hand of heav'n is in it,
and this the punishment of lust and parricide.
Yet heaven, that justly cuts me off, still suffers her
to live; perhaps to punish others;—tremendous
mercy! so fiends are curs'd with immortality, to
be the executioners of heaven.

Be warn'd, ye youths, who see my sad despair,
Avoid lewd women false as they are fair;

By reason guided, honest joys pursue;
The fair to honour, and to virtue true,
Just to herself, will ne'er be false to you.

By my example, learn to shun my fate,
(How wretched is the man who's wife too late!)
Ere innocence, and fame, and life be lost,
Here purchase wisdom, cheaply, at my cost.

[*Exeunt BARNWELL, Officer and Attendants.*]

MILLWOOD.

Where's Lucy? why is she absent at such a
time?

BLUNT.

Wou'd I had been so too. Lucy will soon be here;
and, I hope, to thy confusion, thou devil!

MILLWOOD.

Insolent! This to me?

BLUNT.

The worst that we know of the devil is, that he
first seduces to sin, and then betrays to punishment.

[*Exit BLUNT.*]

MILLWOOD.

They disapprove of my conduct then, and mean
to take this opportunity to set up for themselves.—

My